

THE AMADOR LEDGER.

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A SPASM OF REFORM.

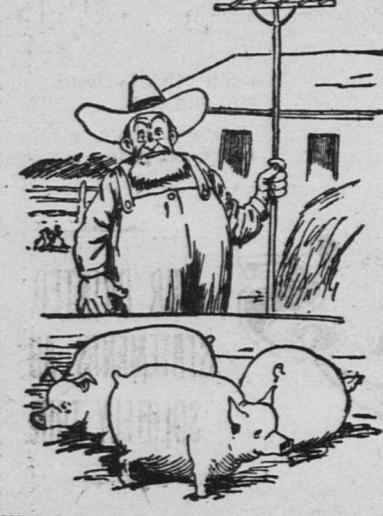
THE REVIVAL THAT WAS SUGGESTED FOR THE TOWN OF JERICHO.

Pap Perkins, the Postmaster, Tells About the Enthusiasm With Which Abijah Holden's Idea Was Greeted and How Lish Billings Doused It With a Wet Blanket.

(Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.)
It was Abijah Holden who first got the idea, and he sprang it on the post-office crowd one Saturday night in the most unexpected manner. He'd bin keepin' powerful quiet for a week or two like a man who's left his jack-knife stickin' in the barn door and is tryin' to remember the fact, and this made the surprise all the greater. The crowd was most ready to go home when he got up and said:

"Feller Citizens of Jericho—I want to see this town boomed as much as any of you. I want to see her git up and bump herself till Boston or Chicago won't be in it, but when it comes to choosin' between size and goodness I'm fur goodness. I think it's better fur one's soul and body to live in a small, good town than in a big, bad town. I'm willin' to go in and help push Jericho along, as I said, but let's do it on right lines. Let's start her off on a high moral plane and keep her so."

"There's a plint, and mebbe a mighty strong one, in what Bijah says," remarked Deacon Spooner as the speak-



CUT OFF THE TAILS OF THREE OF HIS HOGS
er paused to collect his thoughts, "but up to this period his language is sorter ambiguous. He's drivin' at sunthin', but what that sunthin' is hell'll have to explain."

"It's jest this," resumed Abijah. "I'm in favor of holdin' one of the biggest religious revivals in this town this fall that was ever held on the top of this earth. I want it to be kept up till every human being in the place is good 'nuff to die at a minit's notice. We'll git our moral standard first, and then we'll proceed to boom. When you kin advertize the fact that a town of nigh 2,000 inhabitants hasn't one single sinner in it, what's goin' to be the result?"

Why, gentlemen, the infu's the mush, of preachers alone to such a place will bring about the sale of 2,000 city lots within a year. Widders will come here, orphans will come here, converted sinners and reformed drunkards will come here, and the newspapers will spread it broadcast that Jericho has no need of courts, constables or jails."

"I do decide that Bijah has made a plint," said the deacon. "In a general way Jericho is a purty good town, but its moral standard kin be boosted up a peg or two, I reckon. I'm in fur the revival."

Admiror Taylor got up and said he was also favored it. A town was like a child—start out in the right way with it, and it would prove a joy and a blessing. He hadn't seen a great deal of wickedness around Jericho, and he didn't believe there was much, but what was lurkin' around in the fence corners might as well be driv out to make a clean state of it. He didn't believe in mixin' booms with religion, but yet if a boom did folter the revival he had six acres of land which he would cut up into town lots and sell for fair prices.

Satthal Thompson follered with a rugin speech. He had bin seen wickedness in Jericho for over 20 years, but not feelin' strong 'nuff to cope with it single handed had kept his head shut and let it go on. To his certain knowledge there was liars and thievers and swindlers in the town. There was also drunkenness and profanity and bettin'. He had sometimes gone to bed of nights expectin' the fate of Sodom to overtake the place before the sun ris. If a revival would sweep away all this wickedness, and he believed it would, then let 'em come. More goodness meant more churches, and if another meetin' house was built he wanted the job and would take it at the lowest reasonable figger.

Solomon Davis follered with history of Sodom and Gomorrah. He had read up on them towns and got all the particulars. If they'd had a revival and everybody turned to goodness, they'd not only have bin standin' yet, but property along the main streets would have bin with \$1,000 a foot front. Nobody could say that Jericho was a baddreath part as wicked as Sodom, but she'd got a start and unless checked up it was only a question of time when an airthquake would leave her a heap of ruins. He wouldn't take up the valuable time of the meetin' to give instances of wickedness beyond makin' it known that durin' the past year some Gomorrihites had cut off the tails of three of his hogs and pulled all the tall feathers out of one of his peacocks. Let the revival and the wave of goodness come on. He'd ring the bell for services and sweep out the church and not charge a cent for his services, and when the business boom follered it would find him ready to put down four rods of new sidewalk and take in ten boarders at \$5 a week apiece.

There were half a dozen others who made speeches and pledged themselves, and Deacon Spooner tapped on the floor with his cane and said he thanked heaven he had lived to see that night. The enthusiasm was still bili when Lish Billings strolled in and looked around in an inquirin' way. The deacon explained what was up and asked him if he hadn't sunthin' to say.

"Waal, not a great deal," replied Lish. "I'd like to ask who's to git up this revival!"

"We'll send for some great preach-

"Who's to pay him? Preachers ain't roundin' around for nuthin', though they like to do good."

"Everybody looked at everybody, but no one had any more to say."

"And when we got the revival started," continued Lish, "there'd have to be a lot of ownin' up to things and askin' for forgiveness. Who's goin' to own up to gittin' drunk on hard cider, to jawin' his wife, to likkin' his children, to pizenin' dogs, to cripplin' hogs, to stealin' fence rails, to a hundred other mean things? Take a year about it and don't all speak at once, but lemme have the information."

Deacon Spooner opened his mouth as if to say that Lish had made a strong plint, but closed it again and heaved a sigh and went out. Other sighs was heaved and other folks went out, and in three mintins Lish Billings had all the cracker and sugar barls to himself and was wonderin' what had burst the meetin'. M. QUAD.

Settles the Counterfeits.

When a person comes into "Old Man" Smith's cigar store and hands him money in return for something purchased, the old man can ascertain by a single glance or touch whether the money is good or counterfeit. If the money is bad, he puts it under the tobacco cutter, or his money tester, as he calls it, and severs it in two.

One day last week a rough looking young man came into his store and asked for a piece of chewing tobacco. At the same time he laid a 50 cent piece lightly on the counter. The old man picked up the money and looked at it. He had a dull color and was not as heavy as an ordinary half dollar. The proprietor walked over to where the tobacco was, and, taking down a piece of the brand the young man had called for, he pretended to put it under the tobacco cutter, but instead he slipped in the counterfeit piece and cut it into halves. He then handed the two pieces to the young man and commanded him to "get" which he promptly did.—Chicago Record.

New York Is Provincial.

Perhaps there is no city quite so provincial as New York, says A. Maurice Low in The Atlantic, due to the fact that the average New Yorker, whether in society or business, has got into the habit of patronizing the inhabitants of any other city. The New York business man complacently feels that the rest of the country is financed by New York and must as New York tells it. The society man or woman of New York believes that outside of New York, with few exceptions, there is no society worthy of the name, and what society does exist is merely a bad imitation of its New York prototype.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

Political Sanction of What All Agreed to Be a Good Thing.

One of the latest writings of the late Charles Dudley Warner was an essay for The Century, entitled "An Essay of Happiness."

Perhaps the most curious and interesting phrase ever put into a public document is the "pursuit of happiness."

It is declared to be an inalienable right. It cannot be sold. It cannot be given away. It is doubtful if it could be sold by will.

The right of every man to be 6 feet high and of every woman to be 5 feet was regarded as self evident until women asserted their undoubted right to be 6 feet high also, when some confusion was introduced into this interpretation of this rhetorical fragment of the eighteenth century.

But the inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness has never been questioned since it was proclaimed as a new gospel for the new world. The American people accepted it with enthusiasm, as if it had been the discovery of a gold prospector, and started out in the pursuit as if the devil were after them.

If the proclamation had been that happiness is a common right of the race, alienable or otherwise; that all men are or may be happy, history and tradition might have interfered to raise a doubt whether even the new form of government could so change the ethical condition. But the right to make a pursuit of happiness given in a fundamental bill of rights had quite a different aspect. Men had been engaged in many pursuits, most of them disastrous, some of them highly commendable. A set in Galilee had set up the pursuit of righteousness as the only or the highest object of man's immortal powers. The rewards of it, however, were not always immediate. Here was a political sanction of a pursuit that everybody acknowledged to be of a good thing.

Sneese Without Winking.

Bobby came home one day covered with dirt and bruises and trundling a broken bicycle.

"What on earth have you been doing, my child?" exclaimed his terrified mother.

"I ran over a big dog and took a fall," explained Bobby.

"Couldn't you see him and give him the road?"

"Yes; I saw him and was turning out, but when I got within about ten feet of him I shut my eyes, and before I got 'em open again I run into him."

"For the land's sake, what did you do?"

"Couldn't help it. Had to sneeze. If you think you can hold your eyes open when the sneeze comes, you just try it some day."

If the reader thinks Bobby's excuse was not a valid one, let him try it some day "when the sneeze comes."—Youth's Companion.

Startling Exposure.

Sister Snowball—"Deed, Sistah Dahl-leigh, did yo' all notice how Palson Pinfeather's bal' had shlim dawm'n?" Honey, I tell yo' dat saint shlo' shine wif inwahd grace.

Sister Darkleigh—Inwahd grace, puffin' in Palson Pinfeather done been bo'lin' at mab house, en mab boy Wash'n'ton Jeff'son done see his pal' dat bal' had wif dishever tan shoe dressin'.—Baltimore American.

A Careful Speaker.

"What did you expect to prove by that exceedingly long winded argument of yours?" asked the friend.

"I didn't expect to prove anything," answered the orator. "All I hoped to do was to confuse the other fellow so that he couldn't prove that I didn't prove anything."—Answers.

SINKING SHIPS.

They Don't Linger in Midcean, but Go to the Bottom.

What becomes of the ships that sink at sea? Do they go all the way to the bottom or do they meet somewhere under the surface a certain pressure that buoys them up and holds them in equilibrium? Somebody, we forget who it is, has given rein to his grousome fancy and pictured all the ships that have been lost in midcean as wandering about like so many ghosts half way between the surface and the bottom.

There is no foundation whatever for such a notion, though many persons have it. Any object that will sink beneath the surface of the sea will go all the way to the bottom. The pressure encountered on the way down, which is simply enormous in the deeper parts, has nothing to do with the object's sinking, for it is exerted on the object as well as on the water, thus equalizing the conditions.

The reason why the object sinks to the bottom is that water is not compressible; at least it is so little so that its density at the bottom of the sea is only a trifle greater than it is at the surface. Scientists tell us that the water at the bottom is just about as much denser than the water at the surface as sea water is denser than fresh water.

This slight difference in density, therefore, does not and cannot stop the downward course of a sinking ship or any object that is heavy enough to sink rapidly beneath the surface. Pressure, as we have said, is not a factor in the case at all.—Chicago Record.

A Bone Library.

There is a lending library of human bones in London. It is intended for the use of medical students, and the bones are lent out in exactly the same manner as books from a circulating library. The entire collection is valued at \$5,000 and contains besides human bones the skeletons of horses, dogs, cats, oxen and sheep—all animals that the veterinary surgeon is likely to be called upon to treat. The present market price of a human skeleton is from \$6 to \$20, according to its condition. A skull may be worth anything from \$5. to \$1. For a payment of 6d, a student can borrow any part of the skeleton that he desires to study and may retain it for one week. A complete skeleton can be borrowed from the library for the sum of 16s. down and a deposit of 5s.—London Answers.

Her Proposals.

Talking of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts Lord Houghton said: "Miss Coutts likes me because I never proposed to her. Almost all the young men of good family did. Those who are of the duty by their family always did. Mrs. Browne (Miss Coutts' companion) used to see it coming and took herself out of the way for ten minutes, but she only went into the next room and left the door open, and then the proposal took place, and immediately it was done. Miss Coutts coughed, and Mrs. Browne came in again."—Augustus J. C. Hare's Recollections.

The Mystery of Gout.

It is better to confess ignorance than to assume false knowledge. In spite of the careful study that has been given to the subject it must be admitted that we are as yet uninformed as to its exact nature.—Medical Record.

Inventive Genius.

Mr. Small—Do you know her?

Miss Small—Only by reputation. Her husband is the inventor of the cash register for married men's trousers' pockets.—Alnslee's Magazine.

Fitting.

A tailor made suit is sometimes followed by a lawyer made suit and this in turn by a nonsuit.—St. Paul Dispatch.

TOLD BY THE GROCER.

His Conversation With a Deaf Woman Lost Him a Customer.

"I'll tell you how I lost a good customer the other day," said the grocer. "I have one customer who is extremely deaf, and to make her hear I have to just yell at her. It takes about half an hour to get her order, and by that time my voice is pitched so high that I can't get it down to earth again."

The other day it happened that after she left in Mr. Oldboy, who is a perfect crank. Was in the army ones and a great stickler for bowing and scraping and all that sort of thing. Wants a fellow he trades with to salute and present arms and do all kinds of things. He came in and said, "Good morning! I wish you had heard my yell at him. My voice made the windows rattle. He looked surprised, but went on talking to me, and I kept up answering him in a voice that could be heard a block away. He got madder and madder, but I never knew what was up until finally he got red in the face and said, "Mr. Black, sir, I am not deaf, sir, and I resent your yelling at me as if I couldn't hear a cannon fired in my ear." With that out he went.

"You see, he had been talking to the deaf lady and couldn't get my voice down again. You try it some time and see if you don't yell at every one you meet. Funny, too, but I always yell at blind people and foreigners, and I always whisper when I go in where any one's sick."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Tired of Being In Print.

"Mr. Smithers," said his wife, "if I remember rightly, you have often said that you disliked to see a woman constantly getting herself into print?"

"I do," said Smithers positively.

"You considered it unwomanly and indecent, I believe?"

"Very."

"And you don't see how any man could allow his wife to do anything of the kind?"

"Yes; I think so now."

"Well, Mr. Smithers, in view of all the facts in the case I feel justified in asking you for a new silk dress."

"A new silk dress?"

"Yes; for the last eight years I have had nothing better than four penny calico, and I want something better. I'm tired of getting into print!"—London Bits.

A Mean Slap.

"Very well," exclaimed Dr. Quick after his quarrel with the undertaker. "I'll make you sorry for this!"

"What are you going to do?" retorted the undertaker—"retire from practice?"

"I'll send for some great preach-

NOT DRIED CURRANTS

A Learned Grocer Comments Upon a Common Mistake.

The Tiny Fruit Used in Cake, Puddings, Buns and the Like Are Raisins Made From Little Grapes That Are Grown in Greece.

"Mother wants a pound of dried currants," said a little girl who came into the learned grocer's store in Eighth avenue.

"The hunter sat down to rest in the shade of a tree and unwittingly went to sleep. When he woke, it was near sunset, and he sat up, rubbing his eyes and contemplating a return to his hotel several miles distant.

Just then a rustling and crackling noise from a clump of chaparral about 100 yards away attracted his attention. Out walked a grizzly bear, a monarch of his kind. He yawned, licked his jaws and then advanced toward the tree where our hunter sat, but evidently was unconscious of his presence.

His grizzly majesty had proceeded about 20 paces when a female bear followed him, and an instant later a third grizzly followed her at a slow, shambling pace.

The hunter sat spellbound with terror as the procession came toward him until the forward grizzly was within 30 yards. Then, scarcely realizing what he did, he sprang to his feet and uttered a frenzied yell—

"F.—Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

And when sorrow, friends and stars were drowned in stormy skies and gray,

He saw the light stream through the night;

He whistled on the way!

WHEN IT WAS INCORPORATED

The Men of Affairs in the Early Fifties.

JACKSON WAS ONCE A FULL FLEDGED CITY

Judge A. C. Brown, Chairman of the Board of Trustees—Wm. Jennings Clerk of the Board.

(By WILL A. NEWCUM.)

The vicissitudes of life are not more emphatically illustrated than in the small towns of the mining sections of our State, where from 1849 placer and hydraulic mining drew to them the brawn and brain of the older states, intent on seeking gold, and eager also to possess plenty of it and then return to the home of youth, to the aged mother, or father, or sweetheart, and then live in peace and quiet forever afterward. The hopes of but a very few were realized, the result being that some remained in the mining towns, gradually assuming positions of wealth and influence, while others, though they may have fished them or their luck cast them; others wandered to more congenial camps or cities, and there continued the life they sought or were impelled by force of circumstances to live.

In the years that have elapsed since this piece of the earth we call Jackson was first peopled by white settlers, the far greater number of pioneers having passed to the great beyond, some leaving their children, while others still here to keep green their memories, while in the majority of cases the inevitable changes wrought by time have with grim precision left but a vague vision of the men and women of Jackson during the early fifties.

The above is called to the mind of the writer most vividly by the contents of a little record book, the fly leaf of which contains the following legend: "Records of the Proceedings of the Board of Trustees of the Town of Jackson Organized upon the County Court made November 7, 1858." Two officers elected November 26, 1853. First Board of Trustees, elected qualified Dec. 5, 1853. Charles Boynton, Clerk of the Board of Trustees."

Incidentally it may not be out of place to mention the fact that at the first meeting of the State Legislature, and on March 27, 1850, there was passed an act to provide for the incorporation of towns. The act provided that on petition and necessary proofs the County Judge could declare the town incorporated and ordered election for officers, to be held. The citizens of Jackson made the proper showing and the County Judge, Henry Eno, of Calaveras county, which included that part of Amador County, south of Dry Creek, Mokelumne Hill being the county seat, made the proper order November 5, 1850, and the first election was held November 26, 1853.

The description of the town as laid down in the petition to the County Court was: "Commencing on the North Fork of Jackson Creek at the mouth of the first gully, thence entering into and North Fork, thence up said fork to the mouth of the South Fork, thence below the Gate, running thence in a direct southeast direction to the South Fork of Jackson Creek, thence down said South Fork to its mouth in the Middle Fork of Jackson Creek, thence down said Middle Fork about one hundred yards to the mouth of the North Fork of Jackson Creek, thence up said North Fork to the place of beginning, the territory being all that lying between the said North and South Forks of Jackson Creek up to the said line of boundary first above mentioned, and the whole being less than two miles square."

According to the law of 1850 the officers consisted of five trustees, a treasurer, an assessor and a marshal, and at the election held in 1853 there were three tickets in the field and one hundred and thirteen ballots were cast. There were nine candidates for trustees, two for treasurer, one for assessor, and three for marshal. The officers of election were the Hon. W. H. McCloud, A. A. Humphreys, judge; W. D. Skidmore and Eric Rosander clerks. Their canvas of the vote showed the following result:

For Trustees—A. C. Brown, 74; Wm. L. McKim, 105; Leon Sompyard, 70; Thomas Jones, 69; Ellis Evans, 70; C. H. E. White, 42; P. A. Bowman, 42; R. H. Hall, 43; Amos Barrett, 43. For Treasurer—W. H. R. Thomas, 66; J. P. Coolegood, 45.

For Assessors—E. H. Williams, 108.

For Marshal—E. H. Webster, 46; Joseph Wain, 43; B. B. Redhead, 19.

A special meeting was called for the following Thursday, and of the men who were candidates for office and the officers of election on that memorable election day, November 26, 1853, and the man elected town clerk at the first meeting of the Board of Trustees and those who were appointed officers of the town, making twenty-nine all told, there is but one, the Hon. A. C. Brown, remaining in Jackson, and after the first five years of his life has died fighting with him and he is still here and hearty, yet he is nearing the border land.

Born in Missouri and reared in Illinois his early manhood was spent in Wisconsin which state he left in 1849 for California across the plains. At that time Mr. Brown was married and had a wife and a family of six children whom he left behind until he could exploit the El Dorado. In September 1849, he arrived at what is the town of Shasta, and remained there for a time, in company with Dr. S. S. Sturtevant, a general practitioner and a trading post. Mr. Brown has the distinction of having named Shasta. A meeting had been called for that purpose and most all the population was in attendance. Several names were presented, but the name "Shasta" presented to the meeting by Mr. Brown, was adopted.

Having concluded to make California the future home of himself and family, Mr. Brown returned to the States and settled on his business and with his family was again crossing the plains in 1851. In the fall of that year the party rolled into Pleasant Valley (El Dorado County) so named at that time by Mr. Brown because they struck a good lead there. After putting in about a month at Pleasant Valley they moved on to Jackson, driving up to the French Gardens that they might secure feed for their cattle. This was in October. After spending a few weeks at the French Gardens Mr. Brown took up a lot on the Jackson Gate road (the one on which L. Poggi recently built a new residence) and got out poles and shingles, bought the boards and built a house by setting the poles in the ground and nailing on the sides and roof. The floor was of dirt. The family moved in and Mr. Brown began the practice of law. Since then he has been continuously connected with the affairs of Jackson and of Amador County. He was president of the board of town trustees during the entire time the town was organized as a corporation. He practiced before the County Court of Calaveras county before the county was divided and his name appears as attorney in the records of one of the first cases tried before the District Court, at its first session after Amador

County was organized in 1854, the records of said Court being now part of the archives of the County Clerk's office here. Afterwards he practiced before the Courts of the State and particularly of Amador County. He was a member of the Legislature for three terms before 1870. In 1870 he was appointed County Judge to complete an unexpired term and afterwards was elected, serving until the enforcement of the new Constitution, January 1, 1880.

Judge and Mrs. Brown were married at the ages of 21 and 17 years respectively, and lived together but a little less than sixty years, up to the time of her death in 1896. The result of their union was ten children, but three of whom are now living. Mrs. A. Askey of San Jose, Mrs. Maggie Folger and Mrs. Anna Lovell of Stockton.

W. L. McKim was one of the commissioners selected by the Legislature of 1853-4 to organize the county of Amador, providing the matter of dividing it was carried at an election to be held June 17, 1854. The election was carried for division, and the commission called an election for county officers to be held July 17, 1854, at which election he defeated James T. Farley, afterward United States Senator, for the office of treasurer. He was a surveyor here and of much prominence for many years and though it is long since dead will always remain prominent in this country where he did much surveying as United States Deputy Mineral Surveyor and as County Surveyor, the field notes of which are of record and form the basis of many more modern surveys. He died December 22, 1877, from the result of injuries received on that day by being thrown out of a buggy near Jackson.

Henry Mann, proprietor of a restaurant which stood near the site of the present Central Hotel, and was thus step-father to three girls and a boy. Mr. Mann's wife and family were in the East when he came to Jackson, and shortly after his arrival here he sent for them. When the mother and children were crossing the plains Mr. Mann was wounded by a pet bear kept at his place and died before the family arrived. The wedding of Mr. McKim and Mrs. Mann was very simple, but the bride said that I would give a dash for." I can imagine about how their conversation would sound as I once had the good fortune of hearing a conversation between a pestilence and a famine.

The Defender is at work again in full force, the ledge at the 300 foot level is from 7 feet to 10 feet in width. About one-half of this is shipping ore, and the balance is milled on the ground and the product of the mill exceeds all expenses.

PIONEER.

Golden Items From the Pioneer Mining District.

Mr. Editor:—If you can spare space in your valuable paper, will try and let the outside world know what we are doing in this district.

At the Madrone mine they are running a new tunnel and in a short time you will no doubt hear flattering reports from this mine.

At the Dead sheep mine they have taken out considerable high grade ore, and are making every preparation to start up in full force in early spring.

At the Modoc mine a new tunnel has been run, tapping a three-foot ledge of very fair milling ore. This is a good mine and could be made a paying proposition if rightly handled. So say all who have been intimately acquainted with its workings from the day of its discovery. But, unfortunately, this mine appears to have a curse stamped upon each and every foot of its dimensions. And all this has come about by the appearance of that pestilential chap who designates himself as "Promoter," "Expert" or "General Manager" of some mythical company that has no more solvency about it than the so-called promoter has truth or honesty. For the last ten or fifteen years this mine has been gouged and butchered by these persons who came here with a shoestring and expected to go away in a short time with a full-fledged tan-yard; and for that length of time there has not a company had hold of the mine that has paid the men in full for the labor performed. When these persons meet in San Francisco, or elsewhere, they probably smile the leerling smile of the gentle hyena and say: "There is not a mine in Amador county that I would give a dash for."

I can imagine about how their conversation would sound as I once had the good fortune of hearing a conversation between a pestilence and a famine.

The Defender is at work again in full force, the ledge at the 300 foot level is from 7 feet to 10 feet in width. About one-half of this is shipping ore, and the balance is milled on the ground and the product of the mill exceeds all expenses.

A. MINER.

AUKUM.

The Movements of Aukum City Are Carefully Noted.

AUKUM, Jan. 15, 1901.—Miss Addie Carter left this morning for Sacramento City.

Miss Alma Clark, who had the misfortune to bruise her hand, causing a tumor, is doing nicely under the care of Dr. Tiffany.

Miss Hattie Selby is visiting her parents at Placerville.

Mrs. Clara Hite and baby, visited Mrs. Chas. Bell Thursday and Friday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Stumpff were the guests of Mrs. Sharp Sunday.

Asa Farnsworth, wife and baby, have gone to San Francisco to reside.

Mrs. Frank Goffinet and daughter, Flora, are visiting relatives in San Francisco.

None Hite of Plymouth, was in Aukum Saturday and Sunday last.

Mr. McMullen of Sacramento, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Carter.

Mrs. Doxstader, who has been quite sick for the past week, is improving.

Mr. Stumpff made a flying trip to Shenandoah Valley last Saturday.

Louise Seeley, who has been driving team for Mr. Jameson, quit last week.

Henry Seeley has gone to Sutter to work in the Vaillo mine. NOME.

Senator Davis' Committees.

The Lieutenant-Governor has promoted Senator John F. Davis of this district to the Chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee, the leading Committee of the State Senate. Judge Davis is also upon the following very important Committees: Apportionment, Elections, Road and Highways, Mines and Mining, County Government and Revision of the Codes.

Senator Davis introduced one of the first resolutions of the day, that advocated by the California Club in favor of setting aside further forest reservations and the promotion of a Government Forestry Bureau to prevent the denudation of our forests by forest fires, cutting young trees for Christmas trees and other acts of vandalism from which our forests have lately suffered.

He also introduced a comprehensive primary bill, making a primary law mandatory in the larger counties and cities and optional in the smaller.

He has also introduced two bills in behalf of the Preston School of Industry, one appropriating money for improvement and repairs on the laundry, and the other appropriating money for the purchase of lumber and fencing material.

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Judge Davis has succeeded in having E. A. Tibbits of Sutter Creek, appointed a watchman, and William Jennings of Drytown, a gate-keeper.

Died of His Injuries.

Last Monday, Herman Koppin, a single man aged about 25, while working in drift in the South Fork mine, was so severely injured that he died the following day. He was using the pick overhead at the time of the accident, and had no chance to escape the crushing rock. He sustained serious internal injuries which caused his death. His father lives in British Columbia.

For Sale.

The handsome and commodious 10 or 12-room, 2-story residence, known as the Dr. Mussett place. One of the finest locations, and biggest bargains in Jackson. All modern improvements, slightly location, fine grounds. Apply to H. J. Deacon, Sutter Creek, Cal., or to James Mussett, Jackson, 228-1m.

PIONEER FLOUR always has been and still is the best.

4-61*

AT THE HALL OF RECORDS

Business In the Recorder's Office.

CRIMINAL CASES BEFORE JUSTICES LAST MONTH

Numerous Arrests Made for Disturbing the Peace.—One Case of Robbery.

DOCUMENTS RECORDED.

DEEDS.

Mary E Orr to Mrs M Orr—Land in T 7 N, R 10 E; \$10.

John H. Miller et ux to F M Whitmore—Land in S 7 T 7 N, R 14 E; \$750.

N Lipkeman to F A Horton—Land in S 15, T 5 N, R 11 E; \$350.

John H. Deaver et al—Dandy in S 33, T 8 N, R 11 E; \$30.

In the matter of the estate of J Hall—Order of Probate for the estate of J Hall—Probate No. 11, file 9, Vol. 9, for benefit of widow.

B Bianchetti et al to C Chichizola—Land in S 33, T 8 N, R 11 E; \$10.

G Chichizola to G Cuneo—Same.

G De Pue to C Richtmyer—Lot 15, blk 4, Jackson.

A Giacino to C Richtmyer—Und 3 of Chilli Jim—\$10, dry town: \$20.

Mrs K Cethurn et al to C L Culbert—Cusom—\$10.

Mrs E Hawking, admx, to G W Maechter—Land in T 6 N, R 10 E; \$100.

P H Cochran et al to W F Detert—Land in T 6 N, R 10 E; \$100.

C M Ranch to C M Shields—Norris' saloon & Public Hall in Property in Mokelumne Hill, with furniture and fixtures: \$100.

P F Detert to C L Culbert—All int in Cosmopolitan.

L Isola to Andrew J Donovan et al—Und 4 of Amador q m, Drytown: \$10.

U S to heirs of N Jelletich—40 acres in S 27, T 6 N, R 11 E.

AGREEMENTS.

Mrs E Armstrong et al to P H Gordon—Extinguishing time of bond on Rising Star q m.

E R Porter to Mutual Min Co—Constitutes said Min Co Attorney in fact for L and M Ferndale, in case of suit S R Porter.

THREE PLATES.

Henry Eudey et al to A Dufrene et ux—Land in T 6 N, R 10 E; \$100.

A M. Morris et al to K F Marr—Land in T 8 N, R 11 E; \$100.

Mrs S Stevens to F Giannini et al—Land in S 17, T 7 N, R 11 E.

DEATHNOTICES.

M Hultado on Aliso m, Jackson district

J C Dever on placers in S 3, T 7 N, R 11 E

R. H. Hall on Orenco in Placerville

W G Sherman on Tennessee q m, Volcano

F V Sangiovanni on Mountain View q m, Jack-

son

J Plant on New Year cl, Jackson

M E Muldown on Margaret cl, Jackson

C W Miller et al on O'Brien, Oleta

K Ballantyne et al on Manilla q m, Volcano

G Turnblad on Merrimac q m, Middle Bar

M Kane on Liver cl, Volcano

C A Tyler on Quartz q m, Robinson dist

F K Keeler on Goldfield cl, Volcano

A Lessley et al on Lessley cl, Oleta

R W Ketchum et al on Onondaga q cl, Plym-

A Votaw on Happy-go-lucky place, S 27, T 8 N, R 11 E.

AGREEMENTS.

Mrs E Armstrong et al to P H Gordon—Extinguishing time of bond on Rising Star q m.

JACK TAR'S GROWL.

A Story Illustrating the Sailor's Habit of Grumbling.

The author of "From Edinburgh to the Antarctic," writing of the sailor's habit of grumbling, says: "The dinners are all the same—that is to say, Monday's dinners are all alike, and what we have today we shall have this day six months hence. Jack's forefather this day 100 years ago had the same menu and made the same uncomplimentary remarks about the dishes, and 100 years hence on this day Jack's children will growl over their salt horse and plumless duff." The author also tells this "yarn" to illustrate that Jack's habit of grumbling can't be cured and must be endured:

Once upon a time there lived a skipper whose wife said to him that if she went to sea the poor men would never find fault with their food. Her husband took her with him on a voyage, and the good woman attended to the cooking in the galley herself.

The scouse was thick with fresh vegetables, the bread was white and without weevils, the meat was good, and the duff was almost half plums, but still the men growled.

Then the skipper's wife thought of the hens she had brought on board to lay eggs for her husband's breakfast. She took them out of the coop, wrung their necks with her own fair hands, plucked them, roasted them and sent them to the forecastle on the cabin chime.

"Now the men," she said to herself, "will know how much we think of their comfort."

At eight bells she stole forward to the forecastle to listen to the praise of her skill as a cook. She looked down the hatch and saw a big black fist plunge a fork into the hen and heard a hoarse voice growl, "I say, Bill, what'd ye think this 're bloody fowls died of?"

Take Your Choice.

The Buddhists believe that happiness, Nirvana, consists in self effacement, oblivion. The young Buddhists began life by sitting unsupported in the air just after birth. Their mothers attained Nirvana immediately, and the Buddhists reached Nirvana in various queer ways.

One earnest Buddha, one of the earliest of the long line, earned the "Nirvanna" as follows:

A hawk was about to devour a small bird. Said the Buddha to the bird of prey:

"I beseech thee, leave this little creature in peace. I will give thee its weight from my own flesh."

Down from heaven came a pair of scales, and the transaction was accomplished. The small bird sat on one side of the scales, and the Buddha began putting slices of his body into the other side, while the bird of prey looked on with an evil eye. As the Buddha carved himself up the little bird seemed to get heavier and heavier. The beam of the scales did not move until the last particle of the saint's body was put in the scales.

The Buddhists' legends do not tell how the saint managed to carve up his last few fragments, but that is not important. Which do you think was happier, the Buddha who entered into Nirvana as the little bird flew away or the bird of prey that made a hearty meal of the saint's flesh and sailed off delighted with his bargain?—New York Journal.

Cobwebs and Cuts.

An old time remedy to stop blood flowing from a cut is to put cobwebs over it, but from recent discovery it appears a dangerous thing to do. Some time ago a woman fell and cut her head, and when her friends hurried to her assistance they found the blood flowing from a deep gash. Cobwebs were applied, and the bleeding quickly stopped, but in a few days the woman was taken with lockjaw.

A scientist declared there were lockjaw germs in cobwebs, and that was the way the woman contracted the disease. He has made quite a study of the subject and says that in a handful of cobwebs he found 61 different disease germs. That being true, it is very easy to see how one could get not only lockjaw, but many other dreadful diseases, as the cobweb is placed right on an open wound and the germs can enter the blood. Cobwebs form in dark, dirty places, and it is not to be wondered that they gather germs. —*Examiner*.

The Log of a Ship.

A ship's log is an instrument for measuring the rate at which the vessel is going and consists of three parts—viz., the log chip, the log line and the log glass. The principle is simply this:

A light substance thrown from the vessel ceases to partake of the motion of the vessel as soon as it strikes the water and will be left behind on the surface after a certain interval. If the distance of the ship from this stationary object be measured, the approximate rate of sailing will be given.

The log chip is the float, the log line is the measure of the distance, and the log glass defines the interval of time.

In the old days the heaving of the log required skill and watchfulness, but since the patent log has come into use no skill is required in finding the speed of a vessel. It is regulated by clock-work, and the number of knots the vessel sails per hour is recorded on the dial without any hand touching it.

The London Bus.

"English travelers," says a London correspondent of the Boston Transcript, "have so jeered our advertising outrages upon architecture and scenery that I fancied we were of all nations most culpable. But after a season's residence in England I hold America excused. Our advertising efforts are modest, even feeble, beside those of our British cousins."

"A London bus is a mere advertising van with accommodations for passengers. It takes almost as long to read one through as to read a daily paper. The destination of the bus is marked in inconspicuous letters, the smallest on the canvas decorated vehicle, and the chances of disentangling those letters from the maze of advertising announcements about them in time to hall the bus you want are small—still."

Grape on the Door.

The custom of placing grapevines on the door of a house where there has been a recent death has its origin in the ancient English heraldic customs and dates back to the year 1100 A. D. At that period hatchments, or armorial ensigns, were placed in front of houses when the nobility or gentry died. The hatchments were of diamond shape and contained the family arms quartered and covered with sable.

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